

N° 68

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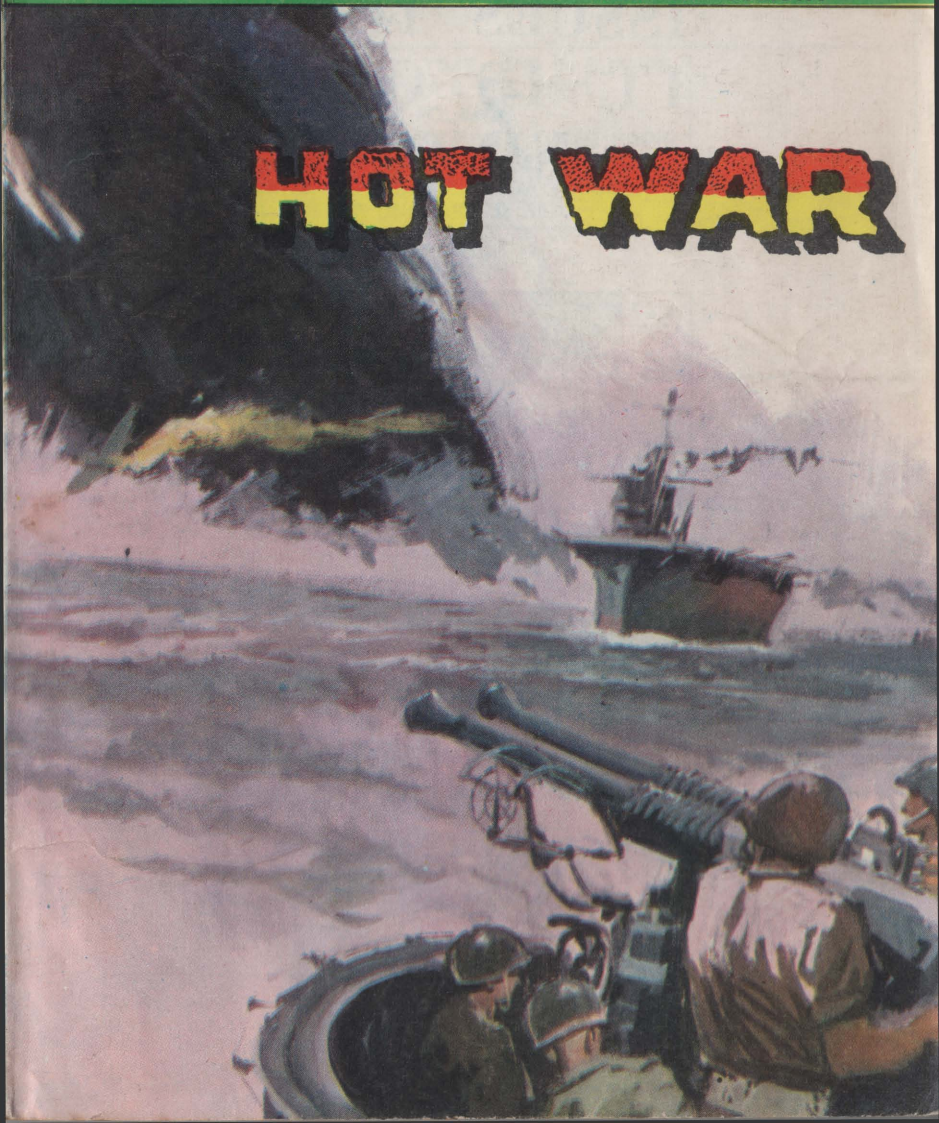
15c

Attack!



WAR STORIES IN PICTURES OF MEN IN COMBAT

HOT WAR



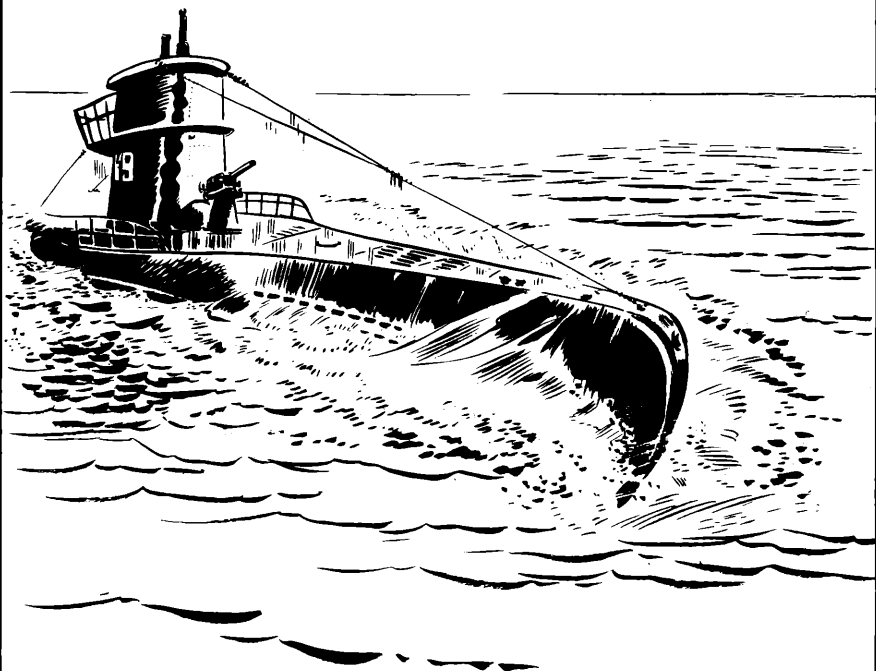
HAVE YOU
READ THIS
ISSUES YET?
IT IS OUT
NOW!



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HOT WAR

IT WAS MID-MORNING, LOCAL TIME, AND IN EUROPE HITLER'S LUFTWAFFE HAD STRUCK IT'S FIRST RUTHLESS BLOW AT HELPLESS POLAND. SIMULTANEOUSLY, U-257 HAD RECEIVED CODED RADIO INSTRUCTIONS FROM BERLIN AND HAD SET COURSE FOR PROSPECT ISLAND, A BARE SPIKE OF VOLCANIC ROCK IN A WILDERNESS OF UNCHARTED SEA.



WOLFGANG VON KLEIST, THE U-BOAT'S COMMANDER, CLIMBED OUT ON TO HIS BRIDGE AND PEERED AHEAD WITH HIS NEEDLING EYES, AS THOUGH TRYING TO PIERCE THE HEAT-HAZE ON THE HORIZON AHEAD.

WE ARE GOING TO PAY A 'SOCIAL' CALL ON THE BRITISH NAVY, WHO MAN A RADIO RELAY STATION THERE!

WHAT IS ON THIS ISLAND, HERR KAPITAN? AND WHY DO WE GO THERE?



THE DEISEL-POWERED SUBMARINE MADE GOOD SPEED AND WAS SOON CAUSING SURPRISE AND SPECULATION AMONG THE BRITISH ON THE TINY OCEANIC ISLAND.

STREWTH!
LOOK AT THAT, SIR!
A JERRY SUB!



EVEN THOUGH BRITAIN AND GERMANY WERE NOT YET AT WAR, THE ARRIVAL OF A U-BOAT AT A BRITISH NAVAL ESTABLISHMENT WAS AN EVENT OF UNPARALLELLED EXPECTEDNESS.

SWANSON... CALL COLOMBO AND TELL THEM WE'VE GOT A VISITOR, A U-BOAT? SEE WHAT THEY SAY!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



MEANWHILE, THE U-BOAT NOSED IT'S WAY STEADILY INTO THE ROCK-BOUND BAY AND EDGED TOWARDS THE SHORT WOODEN JETTY.



THEY'RE TYING UP... AS THOUGH THEY'VE COME TO STAY!

AS SOON AS THE MOORING ROPES HAD BEEN MADE FAST, VON KLEIST CLAMBERED FROM THE CONNING TOWER AND LEAPED ACROSS THE NARROW GAP ON TO THE JETTY.

GOOD MORNING, COMMANDER? I SEEK PERMISSION TO MOOR FOR TWO DAYS WHILST MY CREW MAKES ENGINE REPAIRS... AND TAKES ON WATER?

WELCOME ASHORE, KAPITAN.* PERHAPS WE CAN DISCUSS YOUR REQUEST MORE COMFORTABLY IN MY OFFICE.

THE YOUNG BRITISH OFFICER OFFERED DRINK AND THE USUAL PLEASANTRIES OF CONVERSATION WHILST HE AWAITED OFFICIAL REACTION FROM COLOMBO: FINALLY A SEAMAN CAME DOWN FROM THE RADIO ROOM...

GRANT FACILITIES REQUESTED AS TO A FRIENDLY NATION. KEEP US INFORMED.

A NEWS BULLETIN CAME THROUGH JUST BEFORE THIS, SIR? GERMANY HAS INVADDED POLAND...



...AND THE PRIME MINISTER HAS GIVEN A THREE DAY ULTIMATUM TO HITLER. "STOP THE INVASION OR BRITAIN DECLARES **WAR!**" WHAT DO WE DO **THEN**, IF HE'S STILL HERE WITH THAT BLINKING U-BOAT AND ITS FOUR-INCH GUN?

LET US HOPE THAT HE ONLY STAYS FOR THE TWO DAYS HE HAS REQUESTED!

THE BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER PUT ON A BOLD FACE AND RETURNED TO HIS 'GUEST'!

GOOD NEWS, HERR KAPITAN! YOU CAN HAVE THE FACILITIES YOU REQUEST... IF I, OR THE MEN UNDER MY COMMAND CAN BE OF ASSISTANCE TO YOU, PLEASE ASK!

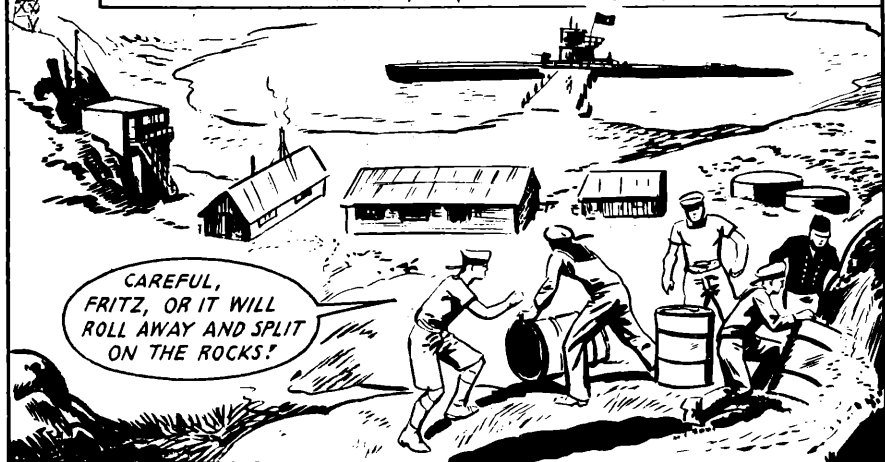


THANK YOU, COMMANDER, I WILL!

YOU WILL BY NOW ALSO HAVE HEARD OF THE INVASION OF POLAND. A REGRETABLE BUT NECESSARY STEP THAT OUR FUEHRER HAS BEEN FORCED TO TAKE... BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT GERMANY HAS NO DESIRE TO GO TO WAR AGAINST ENGLAND AND THAT IT IS THE POLICY OF NAZI GERMANY TO AVOID SUCH A WAR **AT ALL COSTS!**



TO THE MEN ON THAT ISLAND, EUROPE, POLAND AND THE NOISE AND THREATS OF WAR SEEMED A LONG, LONG WAY AWAY. ON THAT REMOTE ISLE THEY WERE ALL SAILORS, ALL MEN OF THE SEA...



TOWARDS THE AFTERNOON OF THE SECOND DAY, THE FRIENDLY GERMANS SEEMED TO COMPLETE THE ENGINE REPAIRS; ALTHOUGH THEY HAD NOT TAKEN THE WATER SUPPLIES ABOARD...

MY MEN WILL NOW STOW THE FRESH WATER, THEN WE SHALL SAIL AWAY...



... BUT BEFORE WE GO, I WOULD LIKE TO RETURN IN PART YOUR KIND HOSPITALITY.

THAT'S VERY GENEROUS OF YOU, KAPITAN!



AND SO AT THE GERMAN'S INVITATION,
THE HANDFUL OF BRITISH SEAMEN ON THAT
ISLAND GATHERED IN THE MESS HUT . . .

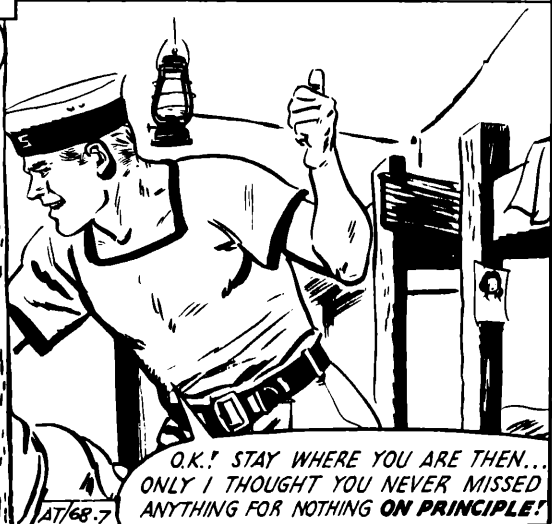
ARE ALL YOUR MEN HERE,
COMMANDER?...I WOULD NOT
LIKE TO MISS ANYONE,
PARTICULARLY SINCE ALL YOUR
PERSONNEL HAVE BEEN
SO CO-OPERATIVE ?

MOST OF THEM. ONE OR
TWO WILL HAVE TO REMAIN
ON DUTY IN THE RADIO ROOM,
YOU UNDERSTAND ?



IN THE NEARBY BARRACK HUT, SEAMAN JOHNSON WHO HAD BEEN ON NIGHT WATCH,
WAS ASLEEP IN HIS BUNK AND NEARLY MISSED THE EXCITEMENT, UNTIL HIS PAL WOKE
HIM UP ?

FREE BOOZE ON THE JERRIES ?
NO THANKS...THEY CAN KEEP
IT ? ...WHAT A THING
TO WAKE A BLOKE UP
FOR ?



O.K. ! STAY WHERE YOU ARE THEN...
ONLY I THOUGHT YOU NEVER MISSED
ANYTHING FOR NOTHING **ON PRINCIPLE !**

SO SEAMAN JOHNSON WAS INDUCED TO TUMBLE OUT OF HIS BLANKETS. FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES HE CURSED TO HIMSELF AS HE SEARCHED FOR A SHOE THAT HAD ACCIDENTALLY BEEN KICKED ACROSS THE FLOOR...

I'LL FLAY THE CLUMSY PERISHER WHO KICKED MY SHOE IF I MISS THIS FREE GROG AFTER CLIMBING OUT OF BED FOR IT!



HIS ABSENCE NOT MISSED BY THE OTHERS, JOHNSON HAD NOT APPEARED BY THE TIME THE U-BOAT COMMANDER WAS NAMING THE TOAST...

HERE, WE ARE ALL SAILORS. TODAY, WE CAN TALK AND DRINK AS FRIENDS, BUT TOMORROW, IT SEEMS AS THOUGH OUR TWO NATIONS WILL CLASH IN WAR ...A TOTAL WAR WHICH WILL MAKE US ENEMIES! SO I CALL FOR A TOAST WE CAN ALL DRINK...**THE WAR!**



YET AS THE NAZI RAISED HIS GLASS, HE FLUNG
HIMSELF BACK AS HIS FIRST OFFICER JERKED OPEN
THE DOOR. FOR THIS TOAST WAS KLEIST'S SIGNAL
TO START HIS OWN BLITZKRIEG OF TOTAL, ALL-OUT
WAR... **TWELVE HOURS BEFORE THE
REST OF THE WORLD!**

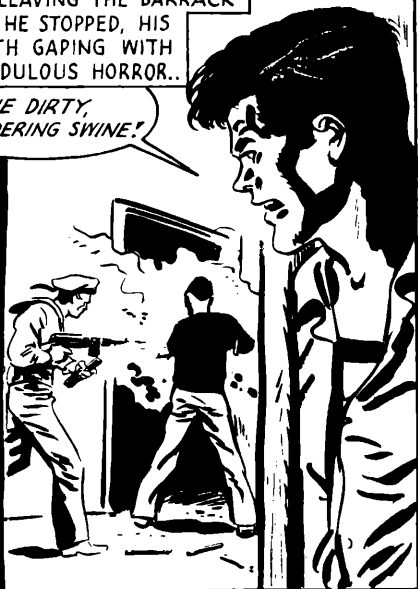


THEIR HANDS EMPTY, SAVE FOR THE GERMAN'S
DRINKS, THE BRITISH SEAMEN WERE MURDERED
WHERE THEY STOOD.



AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT SEAMAN JOHNSON
WAS LEAVING THE BARRACK
HUT. HE STOPPED, HIS
MOUTH GAPING WITH
INCREDULOUS HORROR..

THE DIRTY,
MURDERING SWINE!

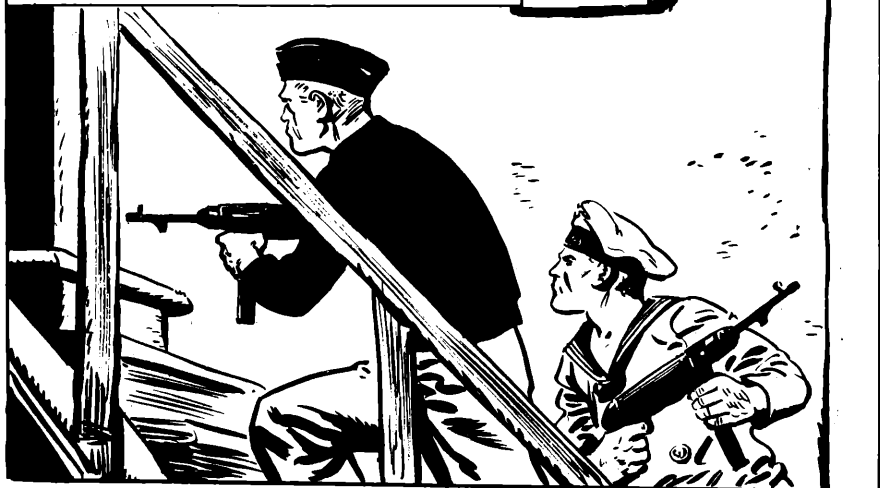


DODGING BACK INTO THE BARRACK HUT,
JOHNSON KICKED OPEN THE DOOR THAT
LED INTO THE STATION ARMOURY.

SO THAT'S THEIR FILTHY GAME,
IS IT? THEN THEY'LL GET MORE
THAN THEY BARGAINED
FOR WHEN THEY
COME FOR ME!



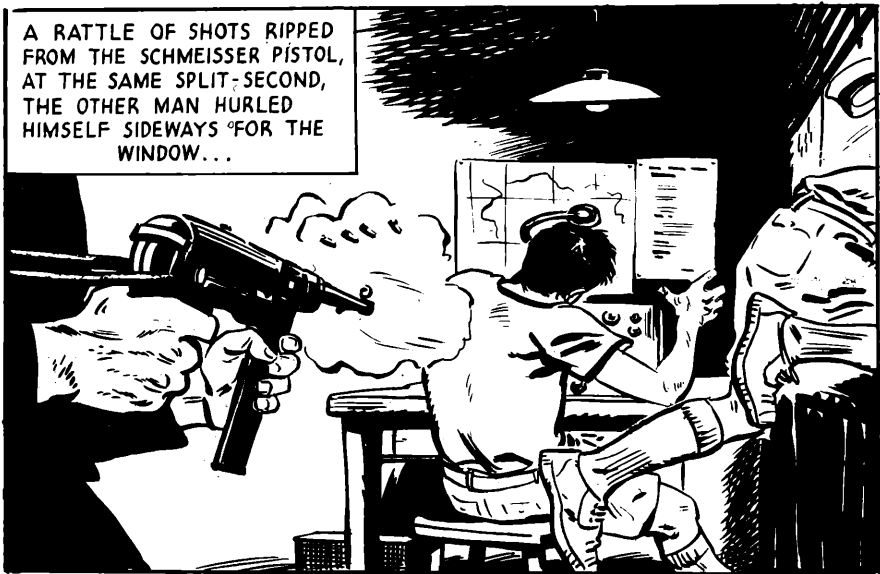
THE REST OF VON KLEIST'S MERCILESS AND EFFICIENT PLAN WAS PUT INTO ACTION...THE SILENCING OF THE DUTY OPERATORS.



BUT EVEN AT THE FIRST SHOTS, ONE OF THE OPERATORS WAS PUTTING OUT A DISTRESS SIGNAL...



A RATTLE OF SHOTS RIPPED FROM THE SCHMEISSER PISTOL, AT THE SAME SPLIT-SECOND, THE OTHER MAN HURLED HIMSELF SIDEWAYS FOR THE WINDOW...



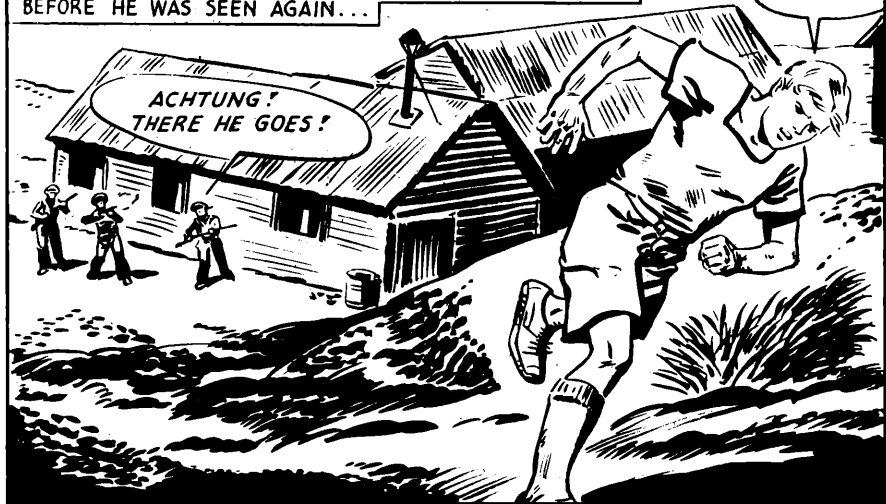
ABLE SEAMAN HENRY SWAINSON HIT THE SHALE SLOPE SIX FEET BELOW THE SHATTERED GLASS WINDOW. THEN HE WAS ON HIS FEET AND RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE.



RUNNING, SCRAMBLING AND JUMPING, SWAINSON WAS NEARLY A HUNDRED YARDS CLEAR OF THE HUTMENTS BEFORE HE WAS SEEN AGAIN...

EEEAGH!

ACHTUNG!
THERE HE GOES!



THE GERMAN PETTY OFFICER SENT A DETAIL OF THREE MEN UP THE SLOPE TO MAKE SURE THAT THE BRITISH SAILOR WAS DEAD. THEY WERE WATCHED FROM ANOTHER PART OF THE BROKEN SLOPE BY JOHNSON, WHO HAD SCRAMBLED OUT OF THE ARMOURY WINDOW.

THREE OF THE
MURDERERS... I'LL LET 'EM
GET RIGHT OUT INTO THE OPEN
SO THAT I CAN NAIL 'EM ALL
WITH THREE SNAP SHOTS!



THERE WAS HATE AND ANGER WITHIN JOHNSON NOW, BUT HE DID NOT LET IT CLOUD HIS THINKING OR BLUR HIS AIM.

AAAGH?

ONE
DOWN... TWO
TO GO!

STILL CALMLY, THE BRITISH SAILOR WORKED THE RIFLE BOLT.... THEN THE RIFLE CRACKED AGAIN...

HIMMEL...?

THE SAME SMOOTH, SWIFT BOLT-ACTION HAD JOHNSON'S RIFLE READY FOR THE THIRD ENEMY SAILOR...

GOT THE LOT OF 'EM
....NOW I'D BETTER
PICK UP SWAINSON
BEFORE THEY CLOBBER
HIM PROPERLY!

VON KLEIST HAD SELECTED THE MOST FANATICAL NAZIS FROM HIS CREW TO DO THE ACTUAL SHOOTING, A TASK IN WHICH THEY HAD SAVAGELY DELIGHTED, IN SPITE OF THEIR OWN CASUALTIES.

A GOOD TEN MINUTES WORK,
BUT TWO HAVE ESCAPED? WHAT
OF THEM?

NOTHING, HERR KAPITAN. ONE IS
WOUNDED...AND WHAT WILL THE OTHER
BE ABLE TO DO AGAINST US? IF HE
SO MUCH AS DARESTO SHOW HIMSELF,
WE SHALL SNAP HIM BETWEEN OUR
FINGERS LIKE A PRAWN?



MEANWHILE JOHNSON FOUND HIS WAY TO HIS WOUNDED COMRADE...

THANKS, JOHNNY! I THOUGHT
MY NUMBER WAS UP THEN, ALL
RIGHT? OOOO...OUCH! MY LEG!
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

SAME PLACE AS YOU WERE
RUNNING TO, MATE!
FARTHER UP THE SLOPE!



MY LEG...IT HURTS
LIKE BLAZES...I CAN'T GO
MUCH FURTHER...WHAT'S
THE POINT, ANYWAY?
THERE'S NOWHERE WE CAN
GO ON THIS ISLAND.

BUT IF THOSE HUNS COME OUT HERE LOOKING
FOR ME, I WANT TO BE IN A POSITION WHERE

I CAN SEE 'EM
COMING...ALONG
THE SIGHTS OF
MY RIFLE!



A FEW YARDS FARTHER ON,
JOHNSON FOUND A SPOT HE
DEEMED SUITABLE.

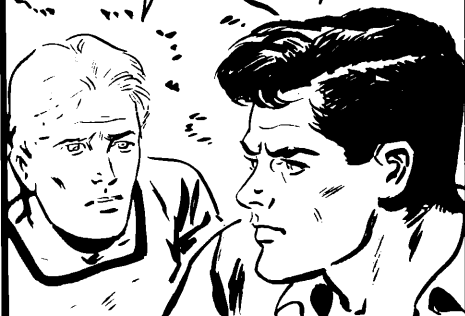
YES...THIS'LL
DO FINE. WE CAN SEE
EVERY MOVE THEY
MAKE DOWN THERE.
THOSE MURDERERS
WON'T GET AWAY
SCOT FREE....I'LL
PROMISE YOU
THAT!

ALL I HOPE IS
THAT THEY DO SAIL AWAY
BEFORE THEY COME UP HERE
AND FIND US!



I'D SAY THEY'D
INVADED THIS ISLAND
BECAUSE THEY WANTED
IT FOR SOMETHING...
BUT WE AREN'T EVEN
AT WAR WITH
GERMANY YET!

MAYBE THE
BRITISH GOVERNMENT
HASN'T GOT AROUND
TO DECLARING
WAR YET... BUT
YOU AND I ARE AT
WAR RIGHT NOW!



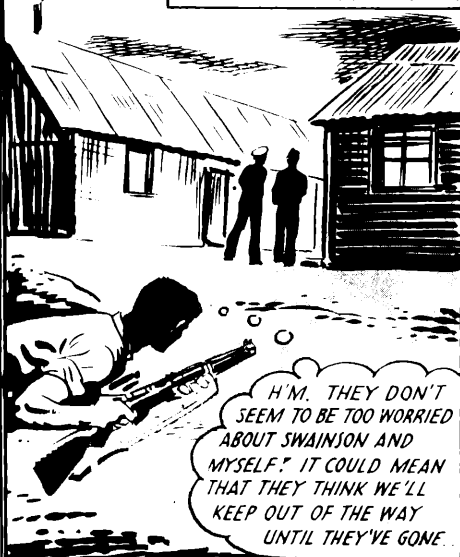
THE TWO SAT WAITING AND WATCHING
UNTIL SUNSET. THEN JOHNSON BEGAN
TO GET FIDGETY AND IMPATIENT.

WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

TO FIND OUT WHETHER
JERRY IS STAYING OR
WHETHER HE'S GOING TO LOAD
THAT WATER AND SAIL AWAY!



YARD BY YARD, JOHNSON EDGED HIS WAY BACK
DOWN THE SLOPE, MAKING CAREFUL USE OF THE
DEEPENING EVENING SHADOWS.



H'M. THEY DON'T
SEEM TO BE TOO WORRIED
ABOUT SWAINSON AND
MYSELF. IT COULD MEAN
THAT THEY THINK WE'LL
KEEP OUT OF THE WAY
UNTIL THEY'VE GONE.

THEN THE DETERMINED JOHNSON SAW
THE ARMOURY WINDOW...

EVEN THOUGH SWAINSON'S GOT A BAD
LEG, THERE'S NO REASON WHY HE CAN'T
USE A RIFLE IF NECESSARY. I'D BETTER
GET HIM ONE!



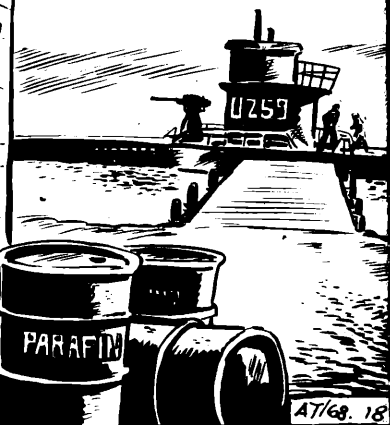


NO ONE INSIDE THE ARMOURY
... NO GUARD OUTSIDE AS
FAR AS I CAN SEE! SEEMS
JERRY ISN'T BOTHERING
OR HASN'T GOT HIMSELF
ORGANISED YET!

THE YOUNG SEAMAN HAD SEVERAL MINUTES TO
HIMSELF, AND HAD PASSED A SECOND RIFLE, THE
LEWIS GUN AND AMMUNITION OUT OF THE
WINDOW BEFORE HE HEARD THE THROB OF DIESEL
ENGINES FROM THE U-BOAT.



SEEMS LIKE THEY'RE
ALL SET TO SAIL
AWAY... AND I HAVEN'T
HALF DONE WITH THEM
YET!



DRIVEN BY HIS THIRST FOR VENGEANCE JOHNSON DECIDED TO KEEP THE GERMANS ON THE ISLAND UNTIL HIS WRATH WAS SPENT.

"IF THIS LITTLE TRICK WORKS, JERRY REALLY **WILL** HAVE TO STAY FOR REPAIRS!"



THEN HE LIT THE PARAFFIN SOAKED RAG, TURNED THE DRUM ON TO ITS SIDE AND AIMED IT DOWN THE SLOPE ...

OFF YOU GO, MY BEAUTY...DO THE BEST...I MEAN WORST...YOU CAN!"

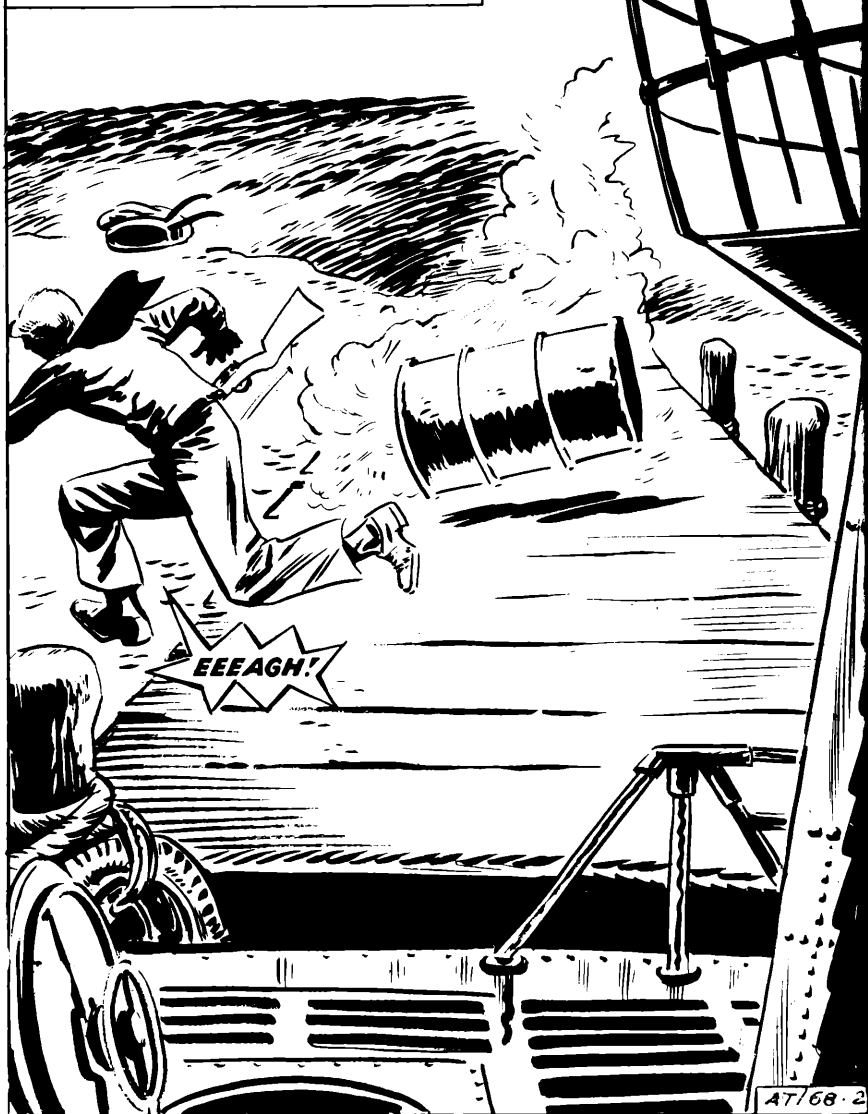


JOHNSON'S AIM WAS TRUE. WITH WILD GLEE HE WATCHED IT TRUNDLE STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE WOODEN JETTY....

ATTA BOY....
KEEP GOING!"



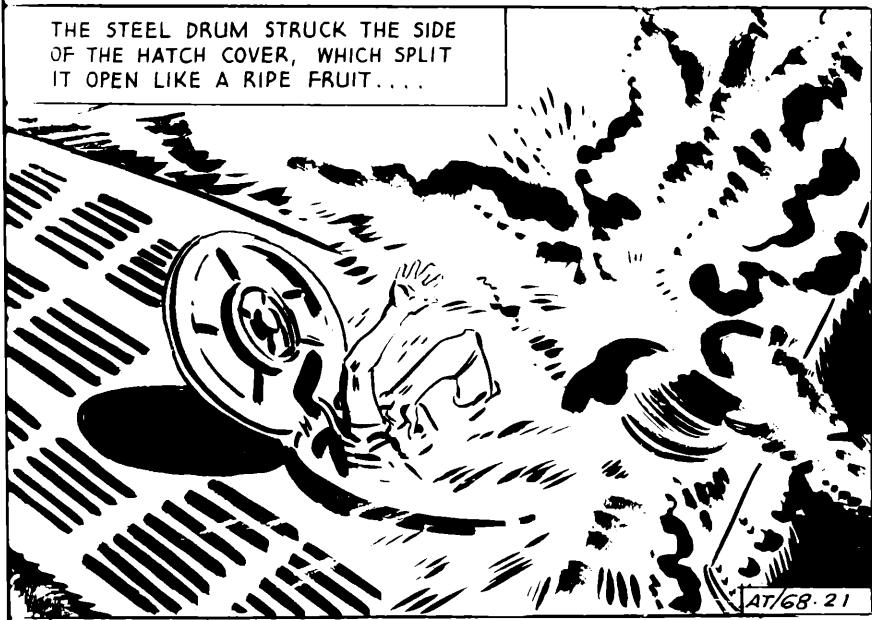
GATHERING SPEED IT HIT THE JETTY AND
RUMBLLED OVER THE PLANKING, TRAILING
WILD SPLASHES OF FLAME IN IT'S WAKE...



THEN IT HIT IT'S FIRST
OBSTRUCTION, A
MOORING BOLLARD AT
THE SEAWARD END OF
THE PIER...



THE STEEL DRUM STRUCK THE SIDE
OF THE HATCH COVER, WHICH SPLIT
IT OPEN LIKE A RIPE FRUIT....



SCALDING OIL SPLATTERED THE METAL DECKS OF THE BLACK SHIP, MORE OF IT CASCADED THROUGH THE OPEN MAN-HOLE, FLAMES FOLLOWED, AND ROARED UP THROUGH THE OPENING, TURNING THE HATCH INTO A WHITE-HOT BLOW HOLE.

BETTER THAN I HAD HOPED FOR... THAT SHOULD SETTLE SOME MORE OF THE SO-AND-SO'S.



WITH SHOUTS AND GERMAN CURSES RINGING IN HIS EARS, THE BRITISH SEAMAN RETREATED INTO THE DARKENED ROCKS OF THE ONCE VOLCANIC ISLAND.

THAT YOU, JOHNNY?

IN PERSON. YOU CAN RELAX.



WHAT HAPPENED DOWN THERE? DID JERRY HAVE AN ACCIDENT?

I SUPPOSE YOU COULD CALL IT THAT. IT WAS AN ACCIDENT I MADE ON PURPOSE TO KEEP HIM HERE A BIT LONGER!



YOU DID WHAT? WE WANT THAT U-BOAT TO GO...
NOT **STAY**, YOU FOOL! THE LONGER IT'S HERE,
THE MORE CHANCE THERE IS OF
THEM FINDING US!

AND THE MORE
CHANCE WE'LL HAVE
OF PAYING BACK THE
BOYS WHO ARE NOW
LYING DEAD IN
THE MESS HUT...



JOHNNY HAD ACHIEVED HIS
PURPOSE. THE U-BOAT
COULD NOT PUT TO SEA.

IT WILL TAKE
SEVERAL HOURS TO MAKE
THAT HATCH WATER-TIGHT
AGAIN!

CURSE YOU, SCHEER!
IT WAS YOUR
RESPONSIBILITY TO SEE
THAT NOT ONE SINGLE
BRITISHER ESCAPED THE
TRAP I'D LED THEM
INTO!



BUT YOU BLUNDERED, SCHEER! THREE MEN SHOT AND KILLED THIS AFTERNOON... ANOTHER FIVE DIED IN THE FIRE... AND WE ARE ALL TRAPPED HERE, UNABLE TO PUT TO SEA! WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF A BRITISH SHIP COMES SNOOPING, AS ONE CERTAINLY WILL NOW THAT THEY HAVE LOST RADIO CONTACT WITH THIS ISLAND?



VON KLEIST ORDERED THE REPAIR TO BE PUT IN HAND AT TOP SPEED WHILST THE MASTER GUNNER COMPLETED THE DESTRUCTION OF THE IMPORTANT BRITISH RELAY STATION... THE REASON FOR THE U-BOAT'S ARRIVAL ON PROSPECT.

DESTROY ALL THE SHORE INSTALLATIONS... AND MAKE GOOD USE OF THIS TARGET PRACTICE!

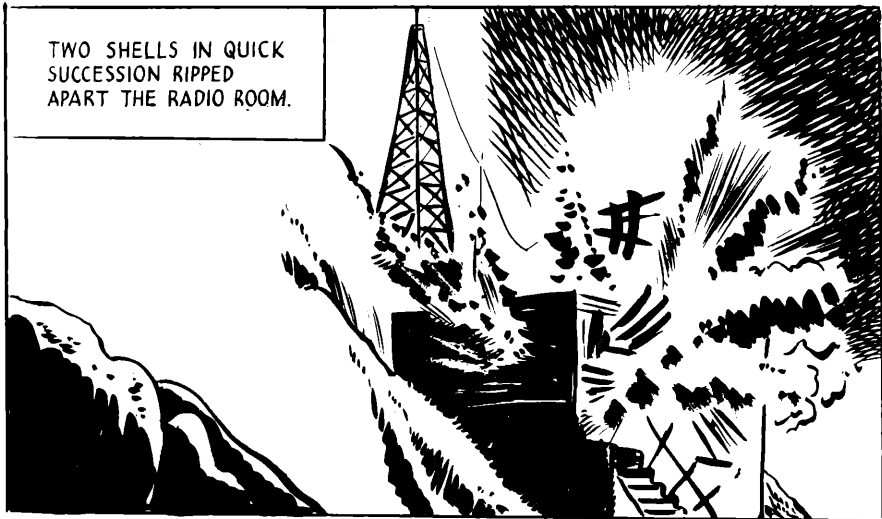
JAWHOL, HERR KAPITAN!



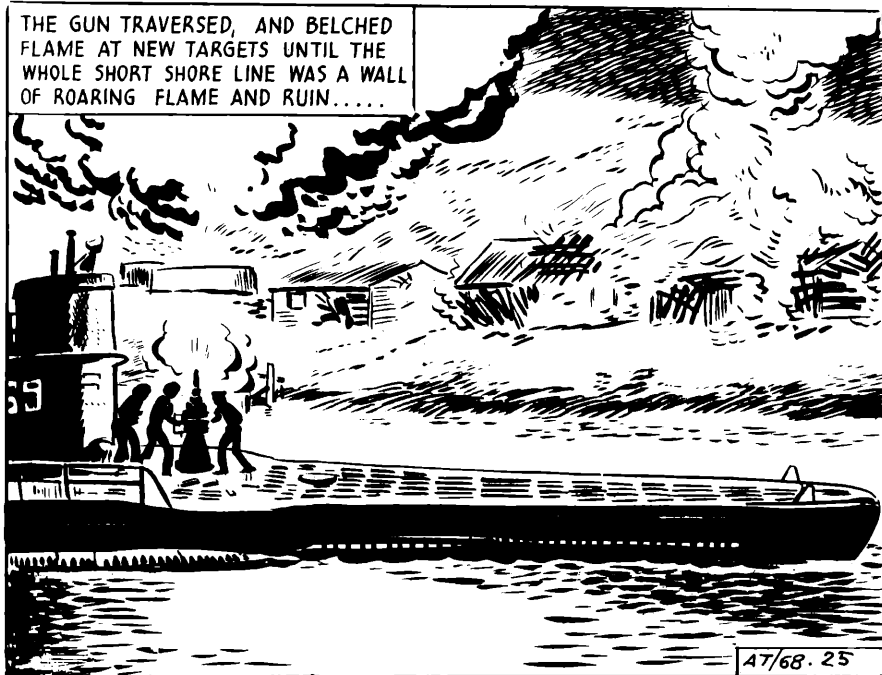
THE FOUR-INCH GUN BARKED...



TWO SHELLS IN QUICK
SUCCESSION RIPPED
APART THE RADIO ROOM.



THE GUN TRAVERSED, AND BELCHED
FLAME AT NEW TARGETS UNTIL THE
WHOLE SHORT SHORE LINE WAS A WALL
OF ROARING FLAME AND RUIN.....



THE U-BOAT CAPTAIN GRUNTED HIS SATISFACTION AT THE DESTRUCTION THEN TURNED ABRUPTLY TO HIS SECOND IN COMMAND.

IF THAT REPAIR ISN'T COMPLETED BY DAWN, I WANT A PATROL SENT OUT TO FIND THOSE MEN BEFORE THEY CAN DO ANY MORE DAMAGE...AND I SUGGEST THAT YOU SEND THOSE TWO FOOLS WHO WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE KILLED **BOTH** THE RADIO OPERATORS!



SCHEER DID BETTER THAN THAT. HE SENT OUT ALL FOUR OF THE GUNMEN, INCLUDING THE TATTOOED WARRANT OFFICER.

KEEP ALERT...THEY MAY BE LURKING ANYWHERE...BUT THEY'RE PROBABLY UP AMONG THOSE ROCKS! IF YOU SEE THEM...SHOOT TO KILL. WE'LL NOT MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE A SECOND TIME!



JOHNSON HAD MANAGED TO KEEP AWAKE FOR MOST OF THE NIGHT, WHILST SWAINSON HAD SHIVERED AND DOZED FEVERISHLY WITH THE PAIN FROM HIS WOUND. IT WAS JOHNSON WHO SAW THE PARTY MOVE OUT FROM THE BLACKENED BUILDINGS.

WAKE UP, SWAINSON... HERE THEY COME!

EH...?
WHO?

DON'T FIRE TOO SOON. WE WANT TO MAKE SURE OF AS MANY OF THEM AS POSSIBLE.

YOU'RE GOING TO ENJOY THIS, AREN'T YOU? WHY DIDN'T YOU LET 'EM ALONE IN THE FIRST PLACE, THEN THEY WOULDN'T BE COMING UP HERE HUNTING FOR US!

JOHNSON DID NOT ANSWER. HIS OWN MIND WAS CLEAR, AND HE WAS CONCENTRATING ON THE CLOSING RANGE OF THE GERMANS DOWN THE SLOPE. HE BIDED HIS TIME UNTIL...

NOW!

AAAGH!



JOHNSON KEPT HIS FINGER HARD UPON THE HEAVY LEWIS GUN, SENDING IT'S BULLETS SLASHING MURDEROUSLY DOWN THE SLOPE...

EEEEAGH!



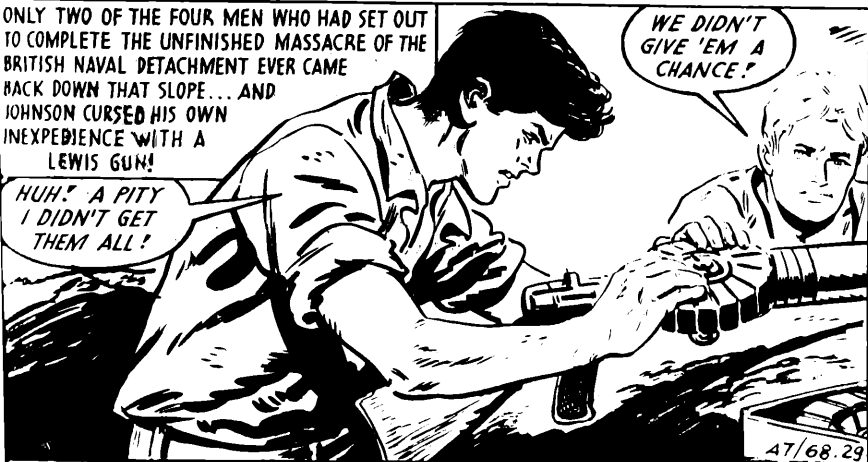
SO DIED ANOTHER OF THE SAVAGE 'PROSPECT ISLAND MURDERERS!'



ONLY TWO OF THE FOUR MEN WHO HAD SET OUT TO COMPLETE THE UNFINISHED MASSACRE OF THE BRITISH NAVAL DETACHMENT EVER CAME BACK DOWN THAT SLOPE... AND JOHNSON CURSED HIS OWN INEXPERIENCE WITH A LEWIS GUN!

HUH? A PITY I DIDN'T GET THEM ALL!

WE DIDN'T GIVE 'EM A CHANCE!



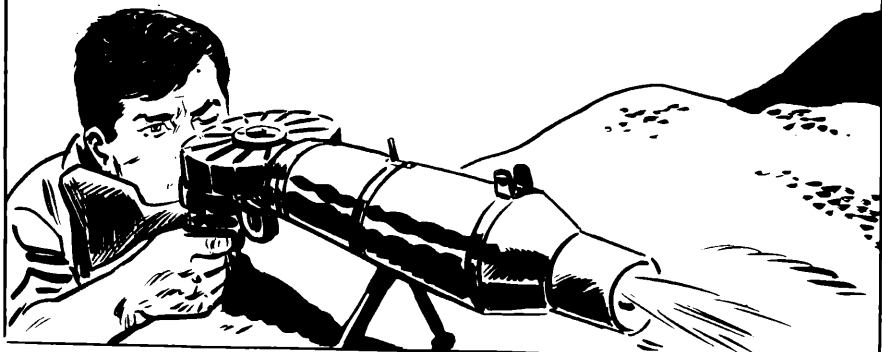


THEY DIDN'T GIVE OUR MATES
A CHANCE, EITHER...THEY MADE
SURE OF THAT! IT'S ABOUT
TIME YOU WOKE UP TO THE FACT
THAT THIS IS **WAR**, SWAINSON..
MODERN WAR, NOT A JOUSTING
MATCH BETWEEN KNIGHTS IN
SHINING ARMOUR!



I CAN SEE 'EM TRYING TO REPAIR
THE DAMAGE I CAUSED LAST NIGHT.
I'M GOING TO TRY A LONG SHOT
AT 'EM... PASS ME
ANOTHER MAGAZINE!

JOHNSON FIXED THE GUN STEADY, MADE A CAREFUL
ESTIMATE OF THE RANGE...THEN SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER...



HIS SHOOTING WAS TRUE... AS THE BURST
THAT RATTLED ACROSS THE PLATES OF
THE U-BOAT PROVED.

HIMMEL!

GET DOWN!



BUT THE MEN
EXPOSED ON THE AFTER
DECK WERE NOT SO
FORTUNATE AS THEIR
OFFICERS...

ANY CASUALTIES
DOWN THERE?

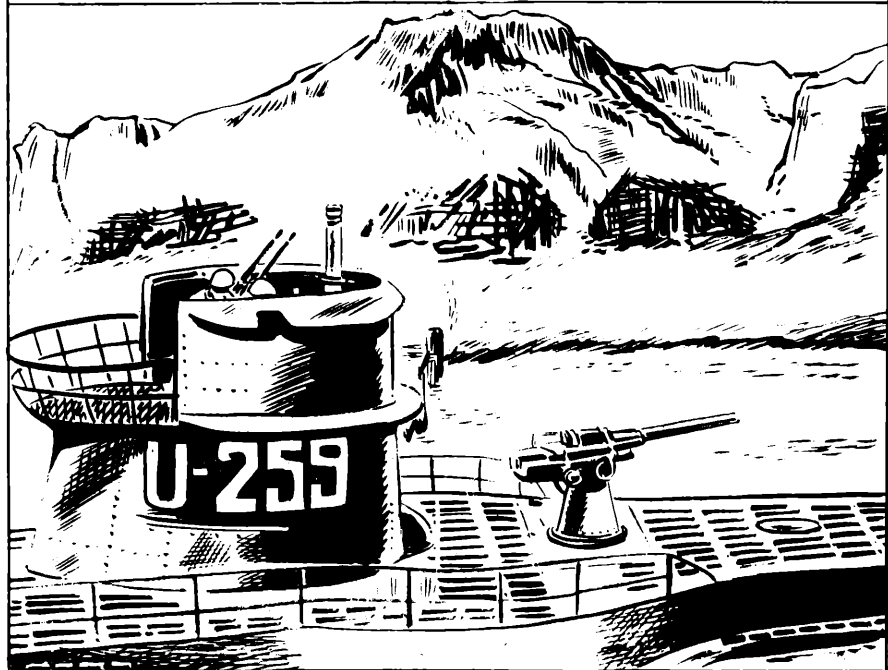
JA,
MEIN KAPITAN!
SCHWARTZ?!



THEN GET OUR OWN
MACHINE-GUNNERS UP
HERE... I'LL SHOW THESE
BRITISHERS THAT THEY
CAN'T FIGHT THE
GERMAN NAVY
UNSCATHED!



WITHIN SECONDS THE U-BOAT'S LIGHT ANTI-AIRCRAFT MACHINE GUNS WERE RIGGED IN POSITION AND BOUNCING TRACER AGAINST THE ISLAND HILLSIDE.

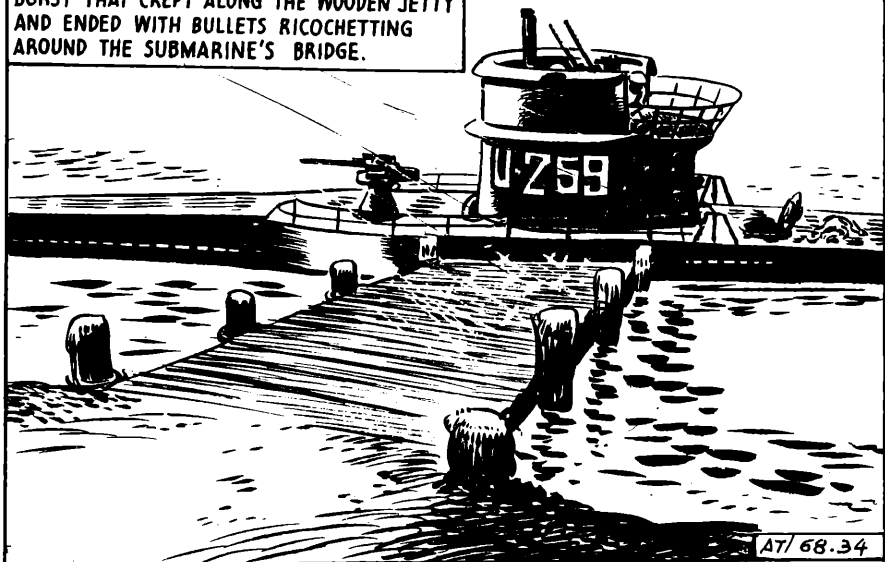


THE GERMANS SUSTAINED THEIR FIRE FOR A PROLONGED PERIOD, BEFORE SCHEER GAVE THE ORDER TO STOP. UP ON THE VOLCANIC HILLSIDE, THE TWO BRITISH SAILORS SIGHED WITH RELIEF.

NOW LET'S
TELL THOSE JERRY
GUNNERS THAT
WE'RE STILL
HERE!



NOW IT WAS JOHNSON'S TURN TO FIRE A LONG BURST THAT CREPT ALONG THE WOODEN JETTY AND ENDED WITH BULLETS RICOCHETTING AROUND THE SUBMARINE'S BRIDGE.



ONE OF JOHNSON'S BULLETS FOUND IT'S MARK...

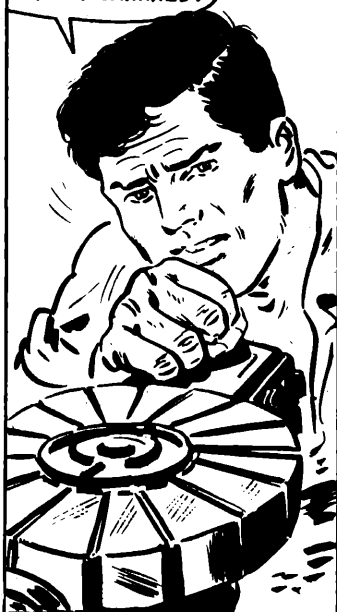
THEY'VE HIT SCHULTZ! HE'S ONE OF THE MEN I SENT TO SHOOT THE RADIO OPERATORS...THEY'RE GETTING ALL THAT SHOOTING PARTY...ONE BY ONE!



GET A HOLD ON YOURSELF, SCHEER. HE MADE A MISTAKE IN LETTING ONE OF THEM ESCAPE...NOW HE'S PAID FOR FAILING HIS DUTY, WITH HIS LIFE!

THEN JOHNSON'S GUN STOPPED.

BLAST! THE THING'S JAMMED!



HE HASTILY SLID BACK INTO THE GULLY, CURSING THE GUN AND FAILING TO NOTICE THE SICKLY CONDITION OF HIS FRIEND.

KEEP A LOOKOUT OVER THE TOP, MATE, WHILE I TRY TO FIX THIS GUN!

AYE!
AYE!

MY LEG
...OH, MY
LEG!



ALTHOUGH GIDDY
AND FEVERISH,
SWAINSON DID WHAT
HE WAS TOLD,
AUTOMATICALLY,
AND HARDLY
CONSCIOUS OF HIS
OWN ACTIONS...

JOHNNY....
I.... I'M GOING
TO PASS OUT....
I....

BUT THE WORDS CAME ONLY AS FEEBLE GRUNTS
FROM SWAINSON'S PARCHED THROAT AND DIED ON
THE HOT AIR BEFORE THEY REACHED THE EARS
OF JOHNSON. THEN SWAINSON'S HEAD LOLLED
FORWARD, AND HE LOST CONTACT WITH
THE WORLD ABOUT HIM...

... AS THE VAPOURS OF FEVER SWEEPED
OVER THE EDGES OF HIS MIND.

IN THE MEANTIME, VON KLEIST HAD TOTALLED UP THE COST OF HIS 'ADVENTURE' ON PROSPECT.

SO FAR WE HAVE LOST TWELVE MEN, FIVE OF THEM IN THAT FIRE... NEARLY A THIRD OF THE WHOLE CREW! AND WE CANNOT LEAVE UNTIL THAT HATCH IS REPAIRED... AND WE CANNOT REPAIR THAT UNTIL **YOU** PERSONALLY HAVE TAKEN A SHORE PARTY UP THAT SLOPE AND ANNIHILATED THOSE BRITISHERS!

B...BUT...

WITH THE CARDS STACKED HEAVILY IN HIS FAVOUR, SCHEER WAS A BRAVE MAN ... NOW THAT SOMEONE ELSE HELD A TRUMP CARD, HIS BOLDNESS TOOK ON A PALER HUE.

NO WE CAN'T! YOU HEARD MY ORDERS... NOW GET OUT THERE AND OBEY THEM!

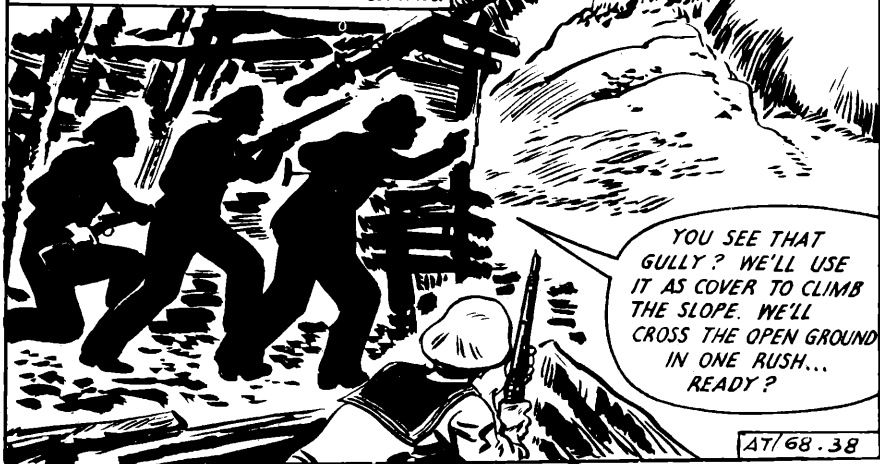
BUT THOSE BRITISH ARE BENT ON REVENGE... ON THOSE OF US WHO SHOT THEIR FRIENDS... I KNOW IT, THEY HAVE KILLED MOST OF US ALREADY! CAN'T WE LEAVE THEM, AND RISK MAKING THE REPAIR AT SEA?

SCHEER CHOSE HIS MEN AND LED THEM OUT ON TO THE JETTY, TRAVELLING FAST TO AVOID ANY BRITISH SNIPING SHOTS THAT MAY COME.

NO SHOTS SO FAR...THE FOOLS MUST BE ASLEEP.
LET'S HOPE THEY STAY THAT WAY!



THE GERMANS REACHED THE RUINED HUTS WITHOUT A SINGLE SHOT BEING FIRED IN THEIR DIRECTION, BUT EVEN THIS WAS NOT ENOUGH TO EMBOLDEN SCHEER INTO BRASH CARELESSNESS. THE THOUGHT OF HIS OWN DANGER MADE HIM CUNNING.



AS THE GERMANS STUMBLED ACROSS THE OPEN GROUND, SWAINSON STIRRED IN HIS STUPOR AND FELL HEAVILY BACK INTO THE GULLY...



HE'S IN A BAD WAY... I WONDER HOW LONG HE'S BEEN LIKE THIS?...

WATER...
WATER...!



IT WAS ONLY THEN THAT JOHNSON REALISED THAT IF SWAINSON HAD BEEN UNCONSCIOUS FOR LONG, THERE HAD BEEN NO WATCH KEPT ON THE ACTIVITIES OF THE GERMANS BELOW. HE SCRAMBLED UP TO TAKE A LOOK FOR HIMSELF....

SEEMS AS THOUGH JERRY'S HAVING A KIP TOO. I COULD USE THE CHANCE TO GET SOME WATER.



HAVING NOTHING TO CARRY THE FLUID IN WHEN HE HAD MADE HIS WAY TO THE SPRING, JOHNSON DECIDED TO RISK A TRIP DOWN TO THE WATERFRONT ON THE CHANCE THAT HE MIGHT FIND A WATERBOTTLE AMONG THE WRECKAGE OF THE HUTS.

I'LL FOLLOW
THIS GULLY
DOWN THE SLOPE
AS FAR AS I
CAN. IT GIVES
PLENTY OF
COVER.

BUT HE DID NOT KNOW THAT HE WAS USING THE SAME LINE OF ADVANCE AS SCHEER... UNTIL THE TWO MET FACE TO FACE.



THE TWO MEN FIRED INSTINCTIVELY... JOHNSON IN ANGER
AND HATRED. SCHEER IN PANIC. THE ABLE SEAMAN'S
SHOT SMASHED THE GERMAN'S SHOULDER. THE SCHMEISSER
BULLET HOWLED AGAINST THE ROCKS.



THEN JOHNSON WAS
FIRING AGAIN, AND
FINDING HIS TARGET.

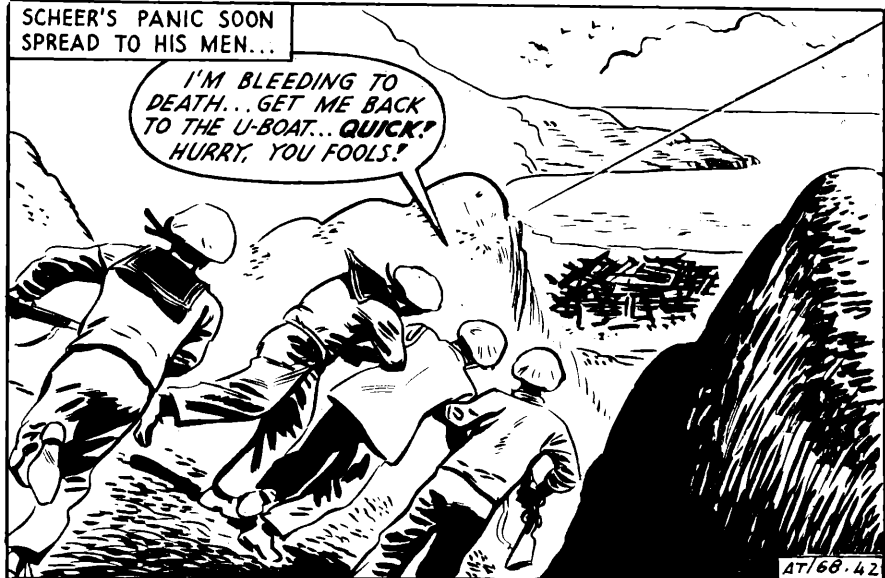
GET BACK...GET ME UNDER
COVER OR HE'LL **KILL ME!**

AAAGH!



SCHEER'S PANIC SOON
SPREAD TO HIS MEN...

I'M BLEEDING TO
DEATH...GET ME BACK
TO THE U-BOAT...**QUICK!**
HURRY, YOU FOOLS!

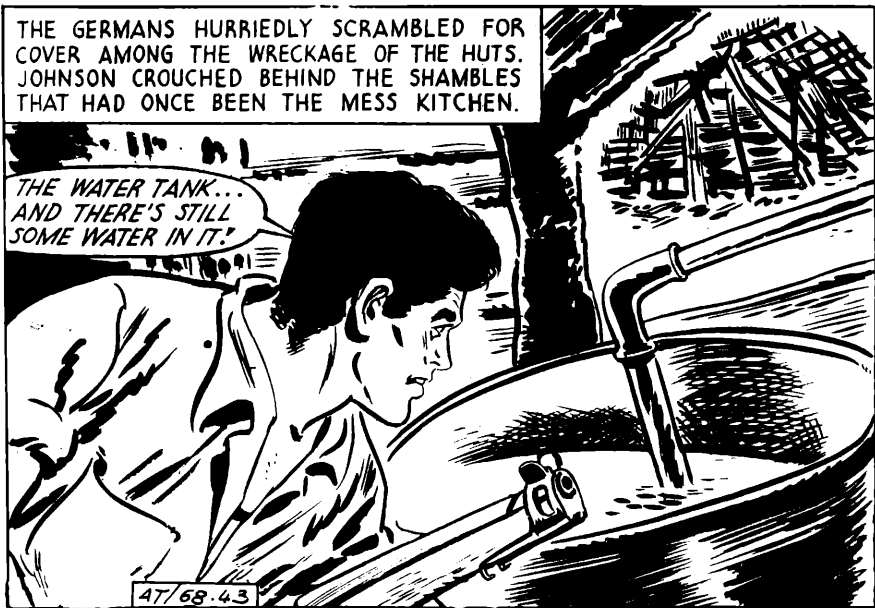


DECIDING THAT THE BEST THING HE COULD DO WAS TO FOLLOW UP HIS ADVANTAGE, JOHNSON LEAPED FROM COVER AND RAN DOWN THE SLOPE HOT ON THE HEELS OF HIS ENEMIES!



THE GERMANS HURRIEDLY SCRAMBLED FOR COVER AMONG THE WRECKAGE OF THE HUTS. JOHNSON CROUCHED BEHIND THE SHAMBLES THAT HAD ONCE BEEN THE MESS KITCHEN.

THE WATER TANK...
AND THERE'S STILL
SOME WATER IN IT!



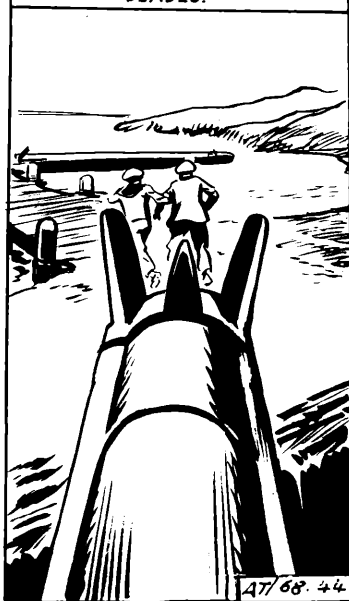
HE THEN LOOKED AROUND FOR
A CONTAINER, BUT COULD FIND
NOTHING BETTER THAN AN
EMPTY BEER BOTTLE...



IT WAS AS HE STRAIGHTENED WITH HIS PRECIOUS BOTTLE
OF WATER, THAT JOHNSON SAW THE GERMANS MAKING A
RUN ALONG THE JETTY BACK TOWARDS THE U-BOAT



JOHNSON LAID DOWN THE BOTTLE,
PICKED UP HIS RIFLE AND
STEADIED THE SIGHTS SQUARELY
BETWEEN SCHEER'S SHOULDER-
BLADES.

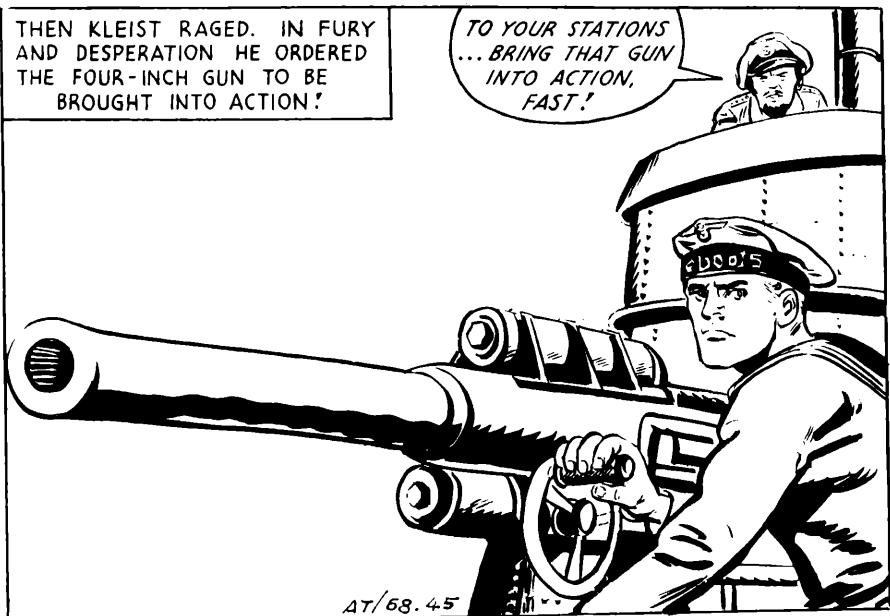


VON KLEIST WAS ON THE OPEN BRIDGE OF THE U-BOAT WHEN THE SHOT CRACKED OUT AND SMACKED HIS SECOND-IN-COMMAND INTO THE SEA.



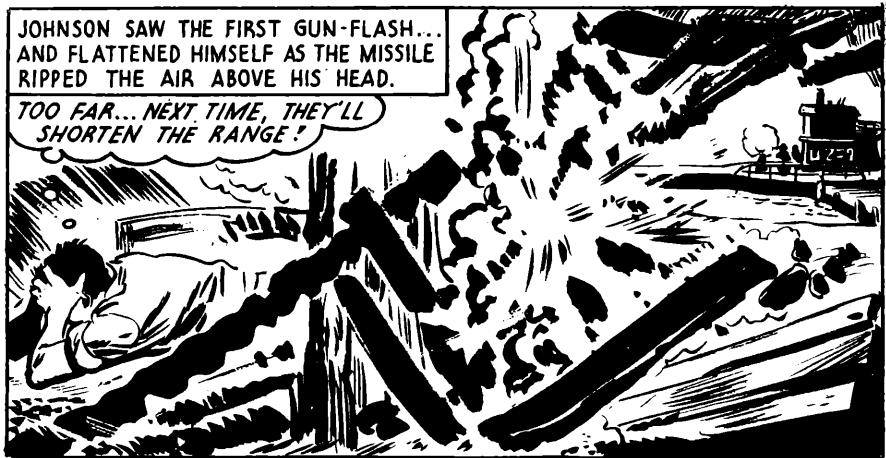
THEN KLEIST RAGED. IN FURY AND DESPERATION HE ORDERED THE FOUR-INCH GUN TO BE BROUGHT INTO ACTION!

TO YOUR STATIONS
...BRING THAT GUN
INTO ACTION,
FAST!



JOHNSON SAW THE FIRST GUN-FLASH...
AND FLATTENED HIMSELF AS THE MISSILE
RIPPED THE AIR ABOVE HIS HEAD.

TOO FAR... NEXT TIME, THEY'LL
SHORTEN THE RANGE!



THEN WHILE THEY'RE
DOING THAT... I'LL
MOVE OUT OF THE
TARGET AREA!



THE TRICK WORKED...



WHEN THE GUN CREW SAW HIM AND LAID THE GUN DIRECTLY UPON THE RUNNING FIGURE. JOHNSON SENSED THIS, AND SWERVED WILDLY... AND THE THIRD SHELL MISSED.



HIT HIM, YOU
FOOLS...
HIT HIM!



THE GUN CREW LOBBED SCREECHING SHELLS AFTER JOHNSON JUST AS FAST AS THEY COULD SLAP THEM INTO THE BREEC... BUT THE TARGET WAS SMALL AND DODGING ERRATICALLY.



A NEAR MISS WAS THE BEST THE GUNNERS COULD DO BEFORE THEIR TARGET DROPPED FROM SIGHT, STILL OBVIOUSLY UNHURT.



FOR TWO SOLID MINUTES, VON KLEIST CURSED HIS WHOLE CREW FOR BEING INCOMPETENT FOOLS. THEY HAD SAILED INTO PROSPECT ISLAND TO DESTROY A SMALL AND PRACTICALLY UNDEFENDED WIRELESS STATION. THEY HAD COME AS KILLERS, NOW IT WAS THEY WHO WERE BEING HUNTED AND KILLED IN THE TRAP THEY HAD THEMSELVES SET! WOLFGANG VON KLEIST WAS BECOMING FRIGHTENED... DESPERATE TO "ESCAPE!"

LEUTNANT VRONK, HERE IS A CHANGE TO MAKE A NAME FOR YOURSELF. TAKE OUT FOUR MEN WITH RIFLES AND ENGAGE THOSE SKULKING BRITISHERS. KILL THEM IF YOU CAN... BUT KEEP THEIR FIRE OFF THIS SHIP WHILST THAT REPAIR IS COMPLETED!

JAWHOL, HERR KAPITAN!



NEXT THE
CAPTAIN
SIGNALLED HIS
ENGINE ROOM
AND CAST HIS
AMIDSHIPS
MOORING LINES...

SLOW
AHEAD
STARBOARD
....SLOW
ASTERN
PORT
PROPELLORS!

THE POWERFUL ENGINES THROBBED TO
LIFE AND INCH BY INCH THE BLACK SHIP
WALLOWED ROUND IN THE STILL HARBOUR
WATER, UNTIL IT WAS BOW
ON TO THE JETTY. KLEIST
IMMEDIATELY ORDERED
BOW AND STERN ANCHORS
TO BE DROPPED.

NOW GET THAT JOB FINISHED
...THE CONNING TOWER WILL
SHIELD YOU FROM
THE SNIPERS!



BUT UP THE SLOPE, JOHNSON
STILL FIRED THE OCCASIONAL
SHOT AT ANY TARGET THAT
SHOWED ITSELF !.



HENRY SWAINSON WAS NOW A SICK MAN,
BUT THERE WAS LITTLE MORE THAT
JOHNSON COULD DO FOR HIM, EXCEPT TO
KEEP THE ENEMY AT BAY.



I CAN'T GET MUCH OF A SHOT AT THEM
FROM HERE AT THE MOMENT....I'LL BE
ABLE TO SEE THEM MORE IF I GO HIGHER
UP. WILL YOU BE ALL
RIGHT HERE ?

Y-YES. C-CARRY ON...
SORRY I CAN'T
HELP !



AND SO JOHNSON TOOK HIS RIFLE,
INTENDING TO CLIMB TO A HIGHER
VANTAGE POINT IN ORDER TO SEE OVER

OR AROUND
THE U-BOAT
CONNING
TOWER...



BUT IN SO DOING, HE EXPOSED
HIMSELF TO YOUNG LEUTNANT
VRONK AND HIS MEN...



THE CLIMB WAS A
SHORT ONE, BUT NOT
SHORT ENOUGH FOR
JOHNSON TO AVOID A
WELL-AIMED GERMAN
BULLET.



JOHNSON FELL, SERIOUSLY WOUNDED AND IN GREAT PAIN. HE HAD LOST HIS RIFLE DOWN THE SLOPE AND WAS UNABLE TO STAND ...OR EVEN CRAWL AFTER IT.

THEY'VE GOT ME... I CAN'T MOVE! SWAINSON, CAN YOU HEAR ME?



THEN FINDING THAT NO ANSWERING SHOTS WERE COMING FROM THE SLOPE VRONK MOVED HIS MEN CAUTIOUSLY FORWARD...



SWAINSON, THEY'RE COMING UP THE SLOPE ... GET TO THE LEWIS GUN IF YOU CAN...

BUT HENRY SWAINSON WAS WEAK WITH PAIN AND FEVER, AND STILL SEMI-DELIRIOUS...

I CAN'T GET TO THE GUN... OH... WHY DON'T THOSE HUNS LEAVE US... AND GO AWAY?

THEY WILL... BUT ONLY IF YOU FIRE THAT GUN AT 'EM! GET TO THAT GUN, SWAINSON... THEN THEY'LL GO AWAY AND LEAVE US!



UNABLE TO HELP, JOHNSON PLEADED AND PERSUADED THE MAN BELOW...



SWAINSON MADE A DESPAIRING EFFORT, BUT THE PAIN IT CAUSED HIS WOUNDED THIGH SWAMPED OVER HIS CONSCIOUSNESS. HE SLUMPED BACK, FIGHTING THE BITTER SICKNESS THAT FILLED HIM



THE GERMANS CAME ON, UNAWARE OF THE DRAMA THAT HAD BEEN PLAYED OUT TO EXHAUSTION A BARE TEN YARDS AHEAD OF THEM...

BE CAREFUL, THEY WERE HIDDEN AMONG THESE ROCKS. ONE OF THEM MAY STILL BE ALIVE!



ANOTHER FEW SECONDS, AND THEY WOULD HAVE FOUND SWAINSON. IT WAS TWO SHARP TOOTS FROM THE U-BOAT THAT SAVED HIM.

ABOUT TURN, BACK TO THE SHIP! THAT'S THE SIGNAL THAT WE ARE READY TO PUT TO SEA!



FROM THE FLAT TOP OF THE SLOPE, JOHNSON WATCHED THE DEPARTING GERMANS WITH A MIXTURE OF RELIEF AND DISAPPOINTMENT. RELIEF THAT THEY HAD NOT COME RIGHT UP THE SLOPE, BUT DISMAY THAT THEY WERE NOW ESCAPING HIS VENGEANCE.

O.K., SWAINSON...
YOU CAN RELAX.
THEY'RE GOING
AWAY!

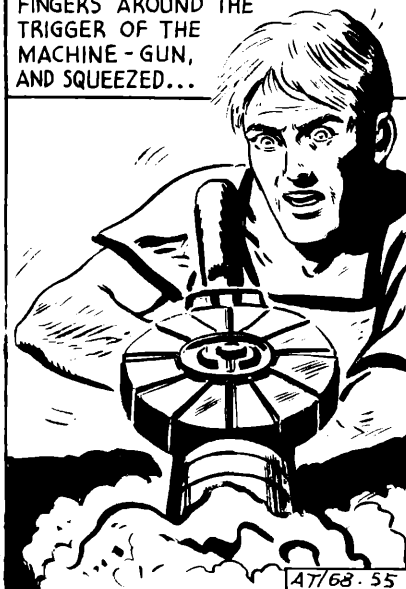


BUT THE FEVERISH MAN DID NOT HEAR HIM. HE WAS AGAIN FIGHTING THE BATTLE WITHIN HIMSELF TO CRAWL UP THE SIDE OF THE GULLY AND REACH THE GUN...

MUST REACH THE GUN...
MUST FIRE IT... JOHNSON
SAID I MUST FIRE THE GUN!



EVENTUALLY, HE CLAWED HIS FINGERS AROUND THE TRIGGER OF THE MACHINE - GUN, AND SQUEEZED...



THE AIM WAS WILD, AND THE BULLETS SPRAYED INDISCRIMINATELY AROUND THE BAY...

IT'S NO GOOD, SWAINSON. YOU'LL NEVER STOP THEM LEAVING NOW. IT'S ALL OVER!

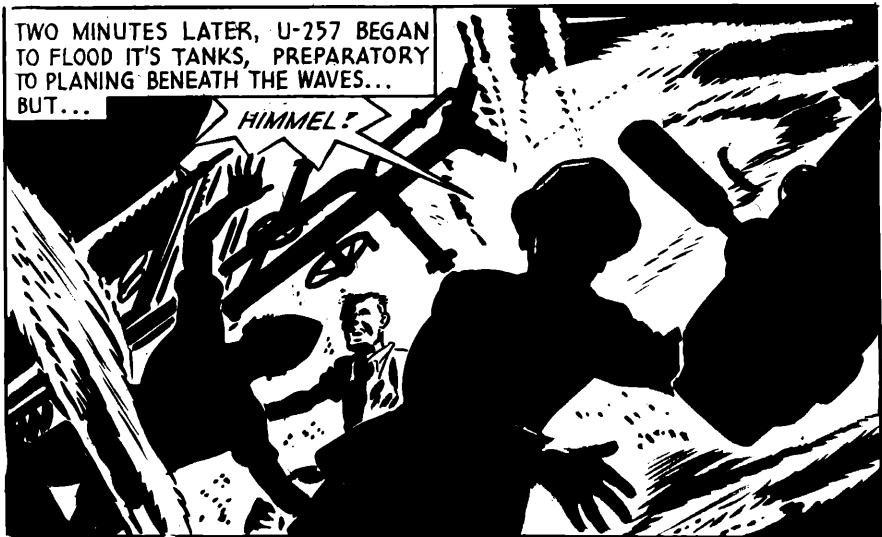
SULLEN AND SOUR TEMPERED, WOLFGANG VON KLEIST MANOEUVRED HIS SHIP UNTIL THE BOWS POINTED TOWARDS THE OPEN SEA. HIS THOUGHTS WERE NOT FOR THE KILLED AND WOUNDED AMONG HIS CREW, BUT HOW HE WOULD ACCOUNT FOR SUCH HEAVY CASUALTIES TO HIS SUPERIORS...

PREPARE TO DIVE AS SOON AS WE REACH THE SEA!

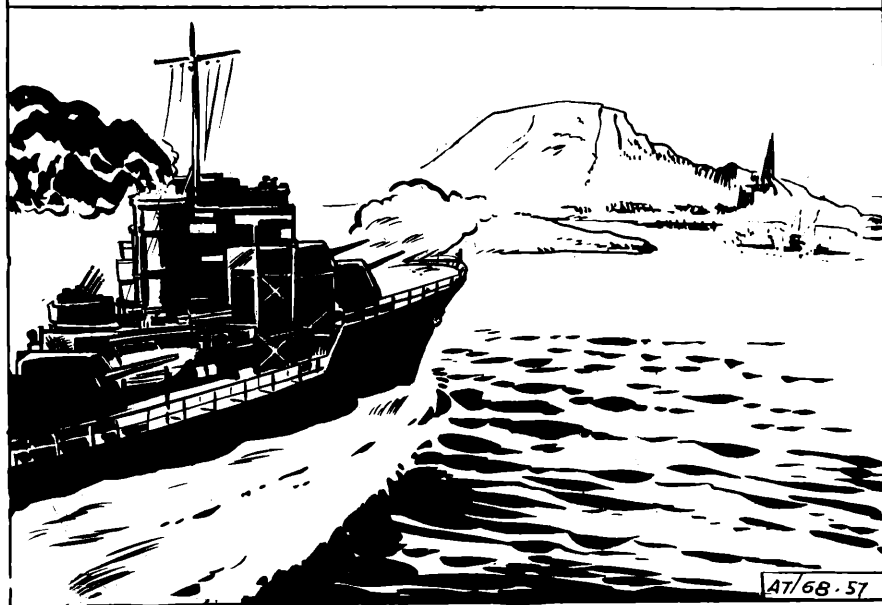
JAWHOL, HER KAPITAN!

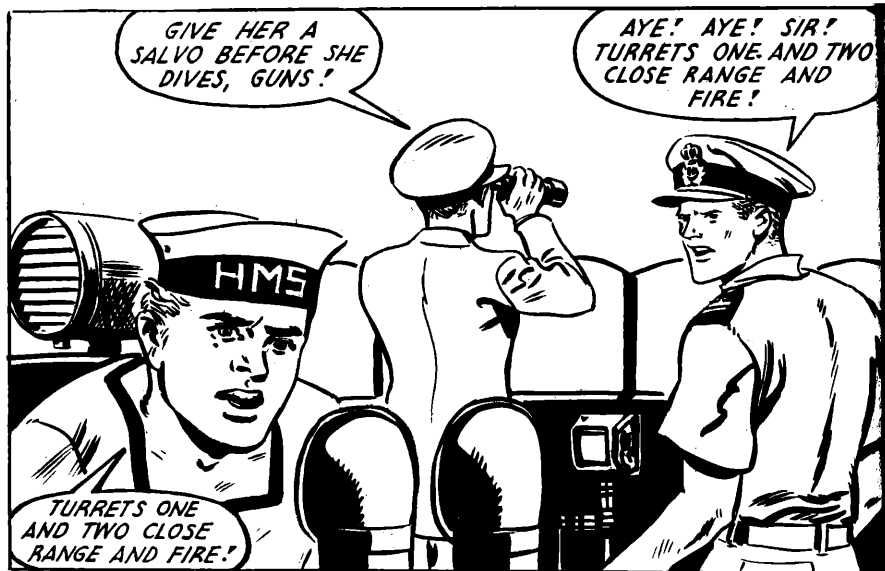
TWO MINUTES LATER, U-257 BEGAN
TO FLOOD IT'S TANKS, PREPARATORY
TO PLANING BENEATH THE WAVES...
BUT...

HIMMEL!

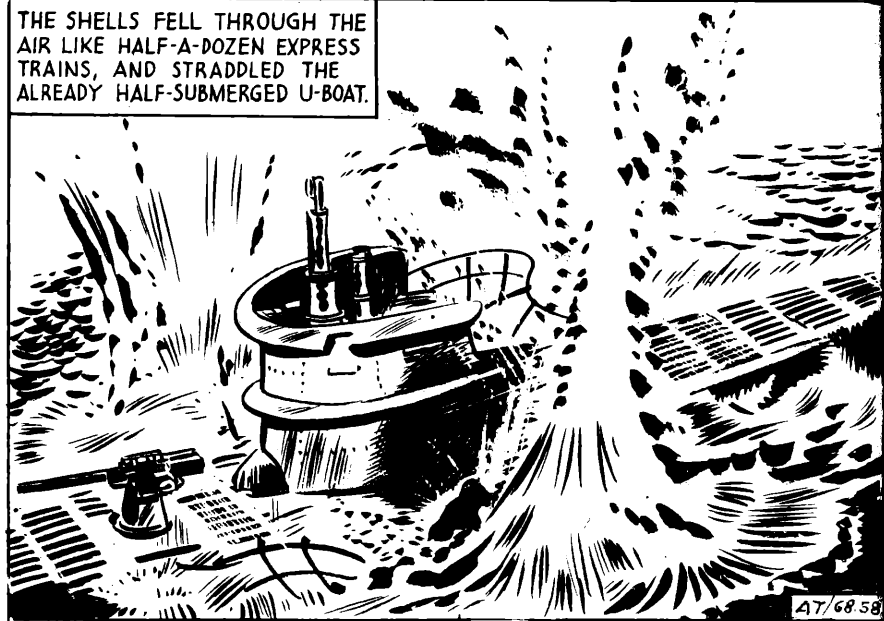


THE EXPLOSION WAS A RANGING SIX-INCH SHELL FIRED BY A BRITISH
DESTROYER CHURNING AT FULL REVS TOWARDS THE TINY ISLAND OF PROSPECT





THE SHELLS FELL THROUGH THE AIR LIKE HALF-A-DOZEN EXPRESS TRAINS, AND STRADDLED THE ALREADY HALF-SUBMERGED U-BOAT.



THE MULTIPLE CONCUSSIONS
SPLIT THE U-BOAT'S PRESSURE
HULL. JETS OF WATER HOSED
IN THROUGH THE LEAKS, STINGING
AND BLINDING THE CREW.....

....THOSE ACCURSED
BRITISHERS ON THAT ISLAND
BEAT US AFTER ALL! WE SHOULD
HAVE BEEN AWAY HOURS BEFORE
THE DESTROYER ARRIVED!



THE U-BOAT WAS CRIPPLED AND ROLLING IN THE SWELL. A SECOND BRITISH SALVO BLEW IT OUT OF THE WATER.



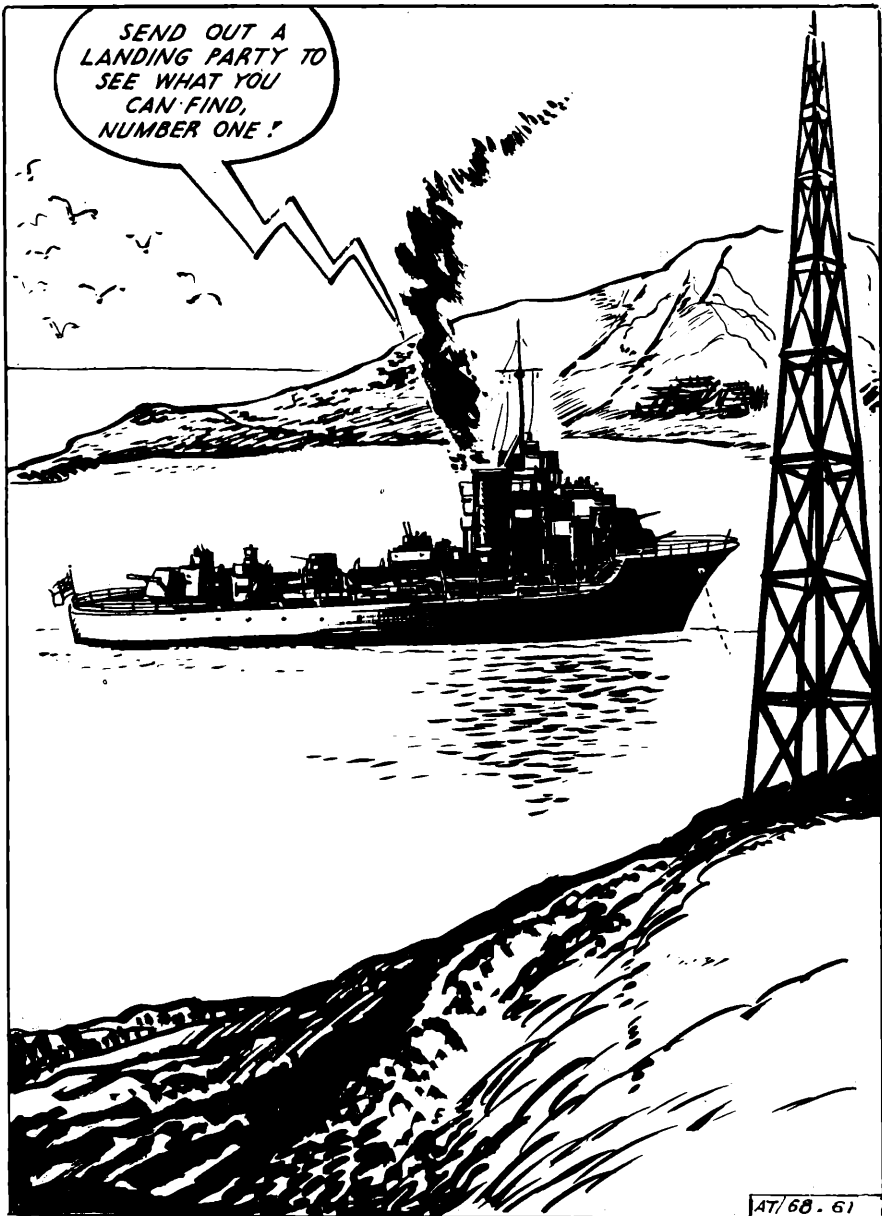
THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS FROM U-257, JUST AN UGLY PATCH OF FUEL OIL AND FLOTSAM. THE DESTROYER STEAMED SLOWLY PAST AND INTO PROSPECT ISLAND'S TINY BAY.

BUT THERE MUST BE SOMEONE HERE... I'LL SWEAR THAT WAS A LEWIS GUN WE HEARD BEFORE THE U-BOAT APPEARED."



WHAT A SHAMBLES!"

SEND OUT A
LANDING PARTY TO
SEE WHAT YOU
CAN FIND,
NUMBER ONE!





LOOK! UP THE SLOPE! THERE'S SOMEONE COMING AT US WITH A GUN!

HOLD YOUR FIRE... LET'S SEE WHO IT IS FIRST!

IT WAS HENRY SWAINSON, IN THE GRIP OF HIS FEVERISH DELIRIUM, STAGGERING DOWN THE SLOPE AND SQUEEZING THE TRIGGER OF THE LONG EMPTIED LEWIS GUN....

THEY'RE BACK, JOHNNY, THEY'RE BACK... BUT I'LL GET 'EM... DON'T WORRY... I'LL GET 'EM!



A FEW SECONDS LATER, SWAINSON COLLAPSED AND WAS STILL UNCONSCIOUS WHEN THE PARTY FROM THE DESTROYER CAME UP TO HIM.

UP HERE!
HELP!

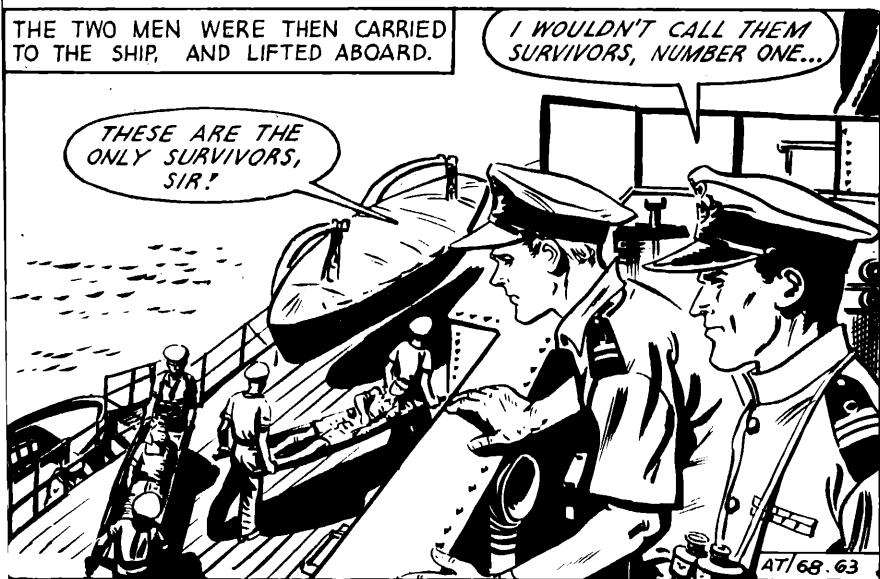
THERE'S
ANOTHER
ONE, SIR!



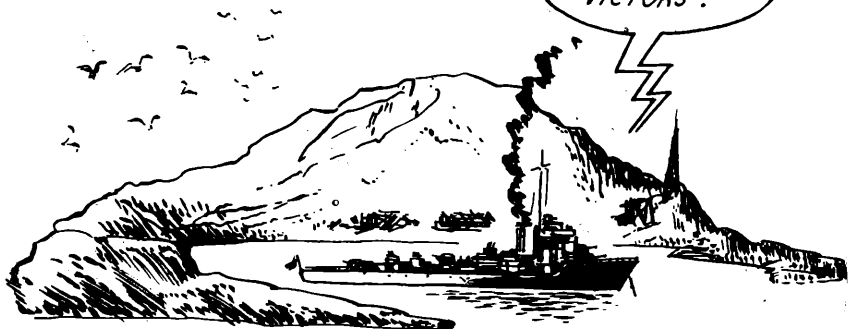
THE TWO MEN WERE THEN CARRIED TO THE SHIP, AND LIFTED ABOARD.

I WOULDN'T CALL THEM
SURVIVORS, NUMBER ONE...

THESE ARE THE
ONLY SURVIVORS,
SIR!



... I'D CALL
THEM THE
VICTORS !

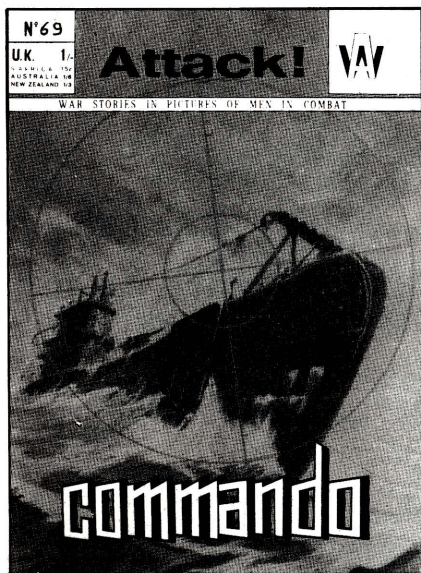


THE END AT/68.G4

**DON'T WASTE A
SECOND! GET TO
THE NEWSAGENT
NOW AND BUY THIS
MONTH'S COMPA-
NION ISSUES!**



**THE STORIES
THAT GIVE YOU
THE THRILL OF
YOUNG LOVE,
THE HOPES, THE
JOYS AND THE
HEARTACHES.**



BE SURE TO GET
NEXT MONTH'S
THRILL PACKED
NUMBERS

NEXT MONTH YOU
WILL FIND EXCITE-
MENT IN THESE GREAT
NEW STORIES.

RELIVE
THE
THRILLS,
DANGERS
AND
ADVENTURES
OF
OUR
FIGHTING
FORCES

